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THE AUTHOR'S POCKET-VOLUME EDITION

LONGFELLOW'S
POETICAL WORKS

VOLUME IV

THE SPANISH STUDENT AND JUDAS MACCABÆUS

LONDON

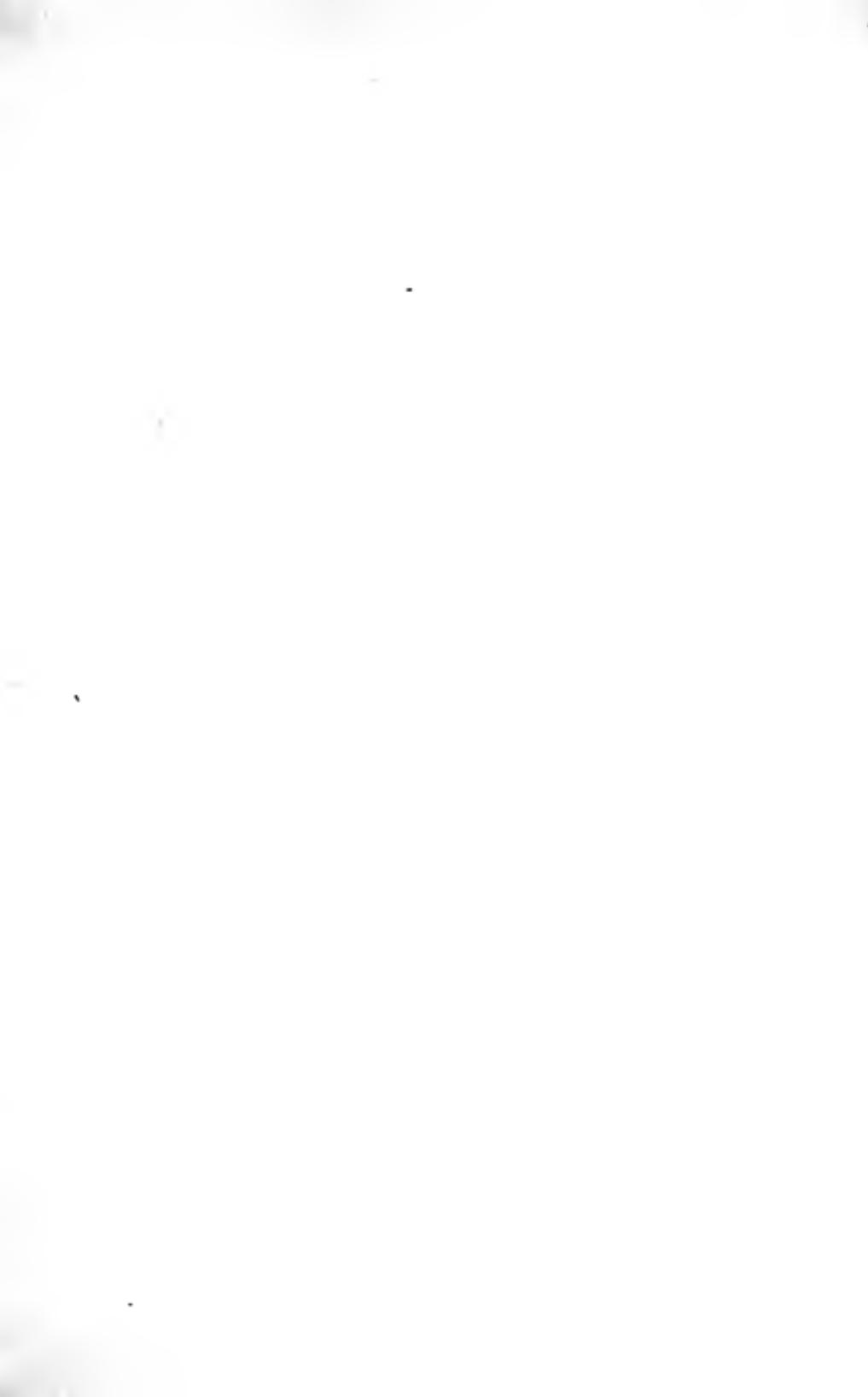
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

1878

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

1843.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN}	Students of Alcalá.
HYPOLITO }	
THE COUNT OF LARA}	Gentlemen of Madrid.
DON CARLOS }	
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL.	
BELTRAN CRUZADO	Count of the Gypsies.
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN	A young Gypsy.
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.	
PEDRO CRESPO	Alcalde.
PANCHO	Alguacil.
FRANCISCO	Lara's Servant.
CHISPA	Victorian's Servant.
BALTASAR	Innkeeper.
PRECIOSA	A Gypsy Girl.
ANGELICA	A poor Girl.
MARTINA	The Padre Cura's Niece.
DOLORES	Preciosa's Maid.

Gypsies, Musicians, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Count of Lara's chambers.*
Night. The Count in his dressing-gown,
smoking, and conversing with DON CARLOS.

Lara.

 YOU were not at the play to-night, Don
 Carlos ;
 How happened it ?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.
 Pray who was there ?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.
 The house was crowded ; and the busy fans
 Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies
 Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
 There was the Countess of Medina Celi ;
 The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
 Her Lindo Don Diego ; Doña Sol,
 And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play ?
Lara. It was a dull affair ;
 One of those comedies in which you see,
 As Lope says, the history of the world
 Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
“ O, I am dead ! ” a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not !

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night ?

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of
woman !

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint’s in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint ?

Don C. Why do you ask ?

Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel
fell,

And though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner ; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks

Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus !

Don C. You do her wrong ; indeed, you do
her wrong !

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are ! Why look
you, friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city ! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue ?

Don C. You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all !
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair ;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others,
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face !

Lara. And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed,
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light !

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.
But why this haste ? Stay yet a little longer,
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes ; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not
hear !

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see !

Don C. And so good-night. I wish you
pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman.

[*Exit.*]

Lara.

Greater faith !

I have the greatest faith ; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow ; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa ?

Fran.

None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win
her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian ?

Fran.

Yes, my lord ;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there ?

Fran.

I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it ?

Fran.

One so like it

I could not choose between them.

Lara.

It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A street in Madrid.* Enter CHISPA,
followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars,
and other instruments.

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas ! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I ; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman ; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover ; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry ! marry ! marry ! Mother, what does marry mean ? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter ! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum ! as the ass said to the

cabbages. Pray, walk this way ; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets ; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic ; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend ?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee ?

First Mus. Why so ?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that ?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honour.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it ; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honour.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She stands at the open window.*

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon ! Like thistle-down
The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky ;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark ! what songs of love, what soul-like
sounds,

Answer them from below !

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night !
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light !
She sleeps !
My lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light !
She sleeps !
My lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light !
She sleeps !
My lady sleeps !
Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch ! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove ! Thou tremblest like
 a leaf !

Prec. I am so frightened ! 'Tis for thee I
 tremble !

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night !

Did no one see thee ?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'Tis very dangerous ; and when thou
 art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here
 Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been ?
 Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.
 Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
 When that dull distance shall no more divide us ;
 And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
 To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou
 givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested,

And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life to make time envious !
I knew that thou wouldest come to me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air !
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night !
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair ?

Prec. Am I not always fair ?

Vict. Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

Prec. I heed them not ;
When thou art present, I see none but thee !

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but
takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty
books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and those
books too often !
I see thy face in everything I see !
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his
Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest
Is this?

Prec. It is no jest ; indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances ; and the Arch-
bishop

Has sent for me—

Vict. That thou mayst dance before them !
Now viva la cachucha ! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men !
'Twill be thy proudest conquest !

Prec.

Saving one.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for
alms;

With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away !

Prec. Dost thou remember
When first we met ?

Vict. It was at Córdova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full blos-
omed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded.
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange-boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict. Thou blessed angel !

Prec. And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa !

I loved thee even then, though I was silent !

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love !

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings ?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it !

I cannot reason ; I can only feel !

But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar ; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world !
The distance that divides us is too great !
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;
I must not hold thee back.

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love
heaven;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it ?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more ; my heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,
And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria
Purissima ! 'Tis midnight and serene !

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry ?

Prec. It is a hateful sound,
To scare thee from me !

Vict. As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray, do not go !

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to night.
Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not !

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict. (*giving her a ring*). And to remind thee
of my love, take this ;
A serpent, emblem of Eternity ;
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas !
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology !

Prec. (*laying her hand upon his mouth*).

Hush ! hush !

Good night ! and may all holy angels guard thee !

Vict. Good night ! good night ! Thou art my
guardian angel !

I have no other saint than thou to pray to !

(*He descends by the balcony.*)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art
thou safe ?

Vict. (*from the garden*). Safe as my love for
thee ! But art thou safe ?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray shut thy window close ;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (*throwing down her handkerchief*). Thou
silly child ! Take this to blind thine eyes.
It is my benison !

Vict. And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night !
My beauteous star ! My star of love, good night !

Prec. Good night !

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Puris-
sima !

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to Alcalá.* BAL-
TASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá,
between cocks and midnight. Body o' me ! what
an inn this is ! The lights out, and the landlord
asleep. Holá ! ancient Baltasar !

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed
Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a
light, and let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master ?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him.
We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses ;

and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (*setting a light on the table*). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (*eating*). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (*drinking*). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don

Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes ?

Chispa. No ; you might as well say, “ Don’t-you-want-some ? ” to a dead man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid ?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar ?

Bal. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa. What ! are you on fire too, old haystack ? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (without). Chispa !

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea ! Chispa ! Chispa !

Chispa. Ea ! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN’S *chambers at Alcalá.*

HYPOLITO *asleep in an armchair.* He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been asleep ! ay, sound asleep !

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep !
 Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
 Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
 Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught !
 The candles have burned low ; it must be late.
 Where can Victorian be ? Like Fray Carillo,
 The only place in which one cannot find him
 Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom
 Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
 Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument !
 And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco !
 Padre Francisco !
 What do you want of Padre Francisco ?
 Here is a pretty young maiden
 Who wants to confess her sins !
 Open the door and let her come in,
 I will shrive her from every sin.

(Enter VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito ! Padre Hypolito !
Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito ?
Vict. Come, shrive me straight ; for, if love
 be a sin,
 I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp. The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my
child ;
I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full ; so full
That I must speak.

Hyp. Alas ! that heart of thine
Is like a scene in the old play ; the curtain
Rises to solemn music, and lo ! enter
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne !

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou
shouldst say ;
Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova
Dance the Romalis in the market-place ?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

Hyp. I know it

Vict. And I'm in love.

Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be

In Alcalá.

Vict. O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp. Alas ! alas ! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me,
lover,
How speeds thy wooing ? Is the maiden coy ?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave* ;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave ! cuius calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio !*

Vict. Pray, do not jest ! This is no time for it !
I am in earnest !

Hyp. Seriously enamoured ?
What, ho ! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamoured of a Gypsy ? Tell me frankly,

How meanest thou ?

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her !

Vict. Why not ?

Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdova.

Vict. They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict. In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born !
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it ; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy
forehead,
'Twill be indeed a wonder.

Vict. Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests ! Pray tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world ?

Hyp. Not much. ^A
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment ;

Now, while we speak of her?

Vict. She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp. Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

Vict. O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

Hyp. And wouldest thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er
reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-
bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe !
 What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells !
 What stony tears in those congealed eyes !
 What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks !
 What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows !
 What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling !
 What lovers with their marble lips together !

Hyp. Ay, there it is ! and, if I were in love,
 That is the very point I most should dread.
 This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
 Might tell a tale were better left untold.
 For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
 The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
 Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
 Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
 Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
 Desertest for this Glauçè.

Vict. Hold thy peace !
 She cares not for me. She may wed another,
 Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
 Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (rising). And so, good night !

Good morning, I should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark ! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the day !
And so, once more, good night ! We 'll speak
more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night !

[Exit.]

Vict.

Good night.

But not to bed: for I must read a while.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPO-LITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
The changing colour of the waves that break
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind !
Visions of Fame ! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where
are ye ?

O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with
groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies ?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act !
Souls of great men departed ! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time;
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore ?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror ! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius ! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond ! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch

Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love ! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe !
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream ;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape ! Alas ! how many
Must wait in vain ! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises !
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes ! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing ! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head ! God's benison
Rest ever on it ! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep ; and all the flowers that bloom at
night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name !

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PRECIOSA's *chamber.* *Morning.*
PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

Preciosa.

WHY will you go so soon? Stay yet a while.

The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me
more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara.

Prec. The Count of Lara? O, beware that
man!

Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then!

Prec. As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him !

Ang. Alas ! what can I do ?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kind-
ness,

Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young
and fair

Should have no friends but those of her own sex.

What is your name ?

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name
Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you ! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
O, be an angel still ! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you ! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me !
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart ! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (rising.) I thank you for this counsel,
dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Proc. Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. O, my dear lady ! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness ?

Præc. I deserve no thanks,

Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the Blessed Virgin
guard you, .

And all good angels.

[*Exit.*]

Prec. May they guard thee too,
And all the poor ; for they have need of angels.
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels ! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me ! I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa !

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

Cruz. Ave Maria !

Prec. O God ! my evil genius !
What seekest thou here to-day ?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me ?

Cruz. Gold ! gold !

Prec. I gave thee yesterday ; I have no more.

Cruz. The gold of the Busné,—give me his
gold !

Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee ! Thou art not my
child !

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me ?

Not to thy father ? To whom, then ?

Prec.

To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz.

No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about
 In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes ;
 I, who am housed worse than the galley slave ;
 I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound ;
 I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—
 Not poor !

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong
 hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants ; what wouldest thou
 more ?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné ! Give me his
 gold !

Prec. Beltran Cruzado ! hear me once for all.
 I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
 I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
 Never denied thee : never had a wish
 But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace !
 Be merciful, be patient, and ere long
 Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,
 Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
 Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,

And live in idleness ; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell ;
For here we stay not long.

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates !
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.

Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Cales !

Prec. God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art !
Be silent and obey ! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (with emotion). O, I beseech thee
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion ; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
 Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
 To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !
 I do not love him ! On my knees I beg thee
 To use no violence, nor do in haste
 What cannot be undone !

Cruz. O, child, child, child !

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
 Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
 I will not leave thee here in the great city
 To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
 To go with us : and until then remember
 A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit.

Prec. Woe is me !

I have a strange misgiving in my heart !
 But that one deed of charity I'll do,
 Befall what may ; they cannot take that from me.

SCENE II.—*A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace.*
The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,

And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
 By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
 Beseeching that his Holiness would aid

In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.

Card. Know and approve.

Arch. And further,
That by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust for ever.
It was a cruel sport.

Arch. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself,
Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occa-
sion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.

As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your Grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians

Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold

In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, half timid attitude.)

Card. (aside). O, what a fair and ministering angel

Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Prec. (kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP). I have obeyed the order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!

I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. Thus I am called.

Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man ;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael !

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days ?

Prec. Yes ; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow ;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the travellers' fortune in the street ;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd ;
The march across the moor ; the halt at noon ;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept ; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears ; and we would see thee
dance.

Prec. Your Grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the *cachucha* is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III.—*The Prado.* A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening, DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.

Don C. Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.
Hyp. And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.
Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams, The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment, Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do,
But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Don C. Pray how much need you?

Hyp. Some half-dozen ounces, Which, with due interest—

Don C. (giving his purse). What, am I a Jew To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse. Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña; Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom, And with thy golden mouth remind me often, I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me, Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well: that is to say, not well. A damsel has ensnared him with the glances Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal ;
A creature of his own imagination ;
A child of air ; an echo of his heart ;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts !

Don C. A common thing with poets. But
who is

This floating lily ? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it ? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman,
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favourite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don C. Well, well ! who is this doll ?

Hyp. Why, who do you think?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again.

To ease his labouring heart, in the last storm

He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don C. I cannot guess ; so tell me who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don C. Why not ?

Hyp. (*mysteriously*). Why ? Because Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Salamanca !

Don C. Jesting aside, who is it ?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible ! The Count of Lara tells me

She is not virtuous.

Hyp. Did I say she was ?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I think ;

Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist ! I see him yonder through the trees, Walking as in a dream.

Don C. He comes this way.

Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man, That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(Enter VICTORIAN *in front.*)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground !

These groves are sacred ! I behold thee walking Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked

At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is for ever hallowed.

Hyp. Mark him well !

See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Com-
mander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don C. What ho ! Victorian !

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us ?

Vict. Holá ! Amigos ! Faith, I did not see
you.

How fares Don Carlos ?

Don C. At your service ever.

Vict. How is that young and green-eyed Gadi-
tana

That you both wot of ?

Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes !

She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp. Ay de mí !

Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go back.

A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

Hyp. But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green ?

Vict. Not a whit. Why so ?

Hyp. I think
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

Vict. No, I am not jealous.

Hyp. Thou shouldst be.

Vict. Why ?

Hyp. Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always jealous.
Therefore thou shouldst be.

Vict. Marry, is that all ?
Farewell ; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
Thou sayest I should be jealous ?

Hyp. Ay, in truth,
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.

Vict. Indeed !

Then he will have his labour for his pains.

Hyp. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success.

Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?

Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,

As a gay man might speak.

Vict. Death and damnation!

I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,

And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!

This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For otherwise

We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,

And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,

Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!

But come; we will not follow. Let us join

The crowd that pours into the Prado. There

We shall find merrier company; I see

The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,

And fifty fans, that beckon me already.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*PRECIOSA's chamber.* *She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*

Prec. (*reads*).

All are sleeping, weary heart !
Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian were here.

I know not what it is makes me so restless !

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day !

All are sleeping, weary heart !
Thou, thou only sleepless art !
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart !

Thou speakest truly, poet ! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages

And solitudes remote, where winds have wasted
 The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
 Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
 And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
 Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
 Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
 Heigho ! I wish Victorian would come.
 Dolores !

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.*)

Ha !

Lara. Señora, pardon me !

Prec. How's this ? Dolores !

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores !

Lara. Be not alarmed ; I found no one in
 waiting.

If I have been too bold—

Prec. (*turning her back upon him*). You are
 too bold !

Retire ! retire, and leave me !

Lara. My dear lady,

First hear me ! I beseech you, let me speak !
 'Tis for your good I come.

Prec. (*turning toward him with indignation*).

Begone ! Begone !

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
 Would make the statues of your ancestors
 Blush on their tombs ! Is it Castilian honour,
 Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
 Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong ?
 O shame ! shame ! shame ! that you, a nobleman,
 Should be so little noble in your thoughts
 As to send jewels here to win my love,
 And think to buy my honour with your gold !
 I have no words to tell you how I scorn you !
 Begone ! The sight of you is hateful to me !
 Begone, I say !

Lara. Be calm ; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything !

Therefore beware ! You are deceived in me.
 In this false world, we do not always know
 Who are our friends and who our enemies.
 We all have enemies, and all need friends.
 Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
 Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this

I owe the honour of the present visit,
 You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell
you

What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them ;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas !
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired ; am visited by none.

Lara. By none ?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged !

Prec. How mean you ?

Lara. Nay, nay ; I will not wound your
gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out !
What are these idle tales ? You need not spare me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me ;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not ?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—
You see the roof there just above the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not offended
If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent !
I would not blame you, being young and fair—

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)

Prec. Beware ! beware ! I am a Gypsy girl !
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike !

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,

Fair Preciosa ! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN *enters behind.*)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara ! That is not the
place

For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled ;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel !

Prec. Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.

Lara. Give me some sign of this,—the slight-
est token.

Let me but kiss your hand !

Prec.

Nay, come no nearer.

The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not ! Be not deceived !
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honour. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness ; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what ?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara.

I swear to you

I would not harm you ; I would only love you.
I would not take your honour, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,

As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

Vict. (*rushing forward*). Hold ! hold ! This
is too much.

What means this outrage ?

Lara. First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain ?

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more !
Out of my sight !

Lara. Are you the master here ?

Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong
of others

Gives me the right !

Prec. (*to LARA.*) Go ! I beseech you, go !

Vict. I shall have business with you, Count, anon !

Lara. You cannot come too soon ! [Exit.

Prec. Victorian !

O, we have been betrayed !

Vict. Ha ! ha ! betrayed !

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we !—not we !

Prec. Dost thou imagine—

Vict. I imagine nothing ;

I see how 'tis thou whilst the time away

When I am gone !

Prec. O speak not in that tone !

It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'Twas not meant to flatter.

Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of
that man

Is hateful to me !

Vict. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.

Prec. I did not heed his words.

Vict. Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

Prec. Hadst thou heard all—

Vict. I heard enough.

Prec. Be not so angry with me.

Vict. I am not angry ; I am very calm.

Prec. If thou wilt let me speak—

Vict. Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false !
I do not like these Gypsy marriages !
Where is the ring I gave thee ?

Prec. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest ! I would not have thee
wear it :

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted !

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict. Nay, nay, nay !
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips !
They are forsown !

Prec. Victorian ! dear Victorian !

Vict. I gave up all for thee ; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul !
And thou hast been my ruin ! Now, go on !
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was !

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

Prec. And this from thee !

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V.—*The COUNT OF LARA's rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet
as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate !
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me !
The fire that I have kindled—

(*Enter FRANCISCO.*)

Well, Francisco,

What tidings from Don Juan ?

Fran. Good, my lord ;
He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos ?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest ?

Fran. I've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.
Ah ! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night ! Give me my cloak and
sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A retired spot beyond the city gates.*

Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Vict. O shame ! O shame ! Why do I walk
abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
Cry, “ Hide thyself ! ” O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the know-
ledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness !
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me !

Hyp. Did I not caution thee ? Did I not tell
thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue ?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning !
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him ! 'Tis for gold !
for gold !

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me ! God ! she
is false !

But I will be revenged ! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward ?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward ;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords ; it is his pastime,
And therefore be not over-confident,

He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way Left open to accord this difference, But you must make one with your swords?

Vict. No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito, Stand not between me and my foe. Too long Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its account ?

Lara. Strike ! strike !

Vict. You are disarmed.

I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO *hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.*)

Hyp. Enough ! Let it end here ! The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords : for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed ; she has been
false

To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself !

Lara. In truth, I did not seek her ; she sought
me ;

And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me ? O, pluck
out

These awful doubts that goad me into madness !
Let me know all ! all ! all !

Lara. You shall know all.
Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
Francisco ?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If further proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring ! It is the
same !

*(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples
upon it.)*

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring !
Thus do I spurn her from me ; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust ! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused !
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me
 pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 'tis, alas ! too late. So fare you well !
To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell !

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt* VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]

Lara. Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe !
I have none else to fear ; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won !

[Exit with FRANCISCO.

SCENE VII.—*A lane in the suburbs. Night.*
Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busn   lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busn   harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Theatre.* *The orchestra plays the cachucha.* Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. *The cachucha.* Tumult; hisses; cries of “*Brava!*” and “*Afuera!*” She falters and pauses. *The music stops.* General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.

SCENE IX.—*The COUNT of LARA's chambers.*
LARA and his friends at supper.

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks ! You have stood by me bravely in this matter. Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated ! Her nostrils spread ! her lips apart ! her bosom Tumultuous as the sea !

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled ; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her ?

Lara. No music ! no more music !

Don L. Why not music ?

It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humour
She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero ;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed
her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away ; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa !

(They rise and drink.)

All. Preciosa !

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and
flaming minister of Love !

Thou wonderful magician ! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name ! O nevermore henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine ! and nevermore
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go ! keep my secret !

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

Don J.

Ite ! missa est !

(Scene closes.)

SCENE X.—*Street and garden wall. Night.*

Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not ?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter ; we can wait. But how is this ? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street.*) Hark ! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade ! Hark !

SONG.

Good night ! Good night, beloved !
 I come to watch o'er thee !
 To be near thee,—to be near thee,
 Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
 Thy lips are crimson flowers
 Good night ! Good night, beloved,
 While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah ! thou moon that shinest
 Argent-clear above !
 All night long enlighten
 My sweet lady-love !
 Moon that shinest,
 All night long enlighten !

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way !

Cruz. Be quiet. They are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
 Sang to each other ;
 For so many sisters
 Is there not one brother !
 Ay, for the partridge, mother !
 The cat has run away with the partridge !
 Puss ! puss ! puss !

Bart. Follow that ! follow that ! Come with me. Puss ! puss !

(*Exeunt.* *On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,

And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over. Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns. Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt.* *Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark ! I hear them in the garden. (*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again ! Vive Cristo ! Follow me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI.—*PRECIOSA'S bedchamber.* *Midnight.*
She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress.
DOLORES watching her.

Dol. She sleeps at last !

(*Opens the window, and listens.*)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark !

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence ! Give me my cloak !

Dol. He comes ! I hear his footsteps.

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night ;

I am too ill ! Look at me ! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek ! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

Dol. (from the window). Who's there ?

Voice (from below). A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not
harm me !

Shame ! shame ! to treat a feeble woman thus !

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian ? Oh, those hateful lamps !

They glare upon me like an evil eye.
I cannot stay. Hark ! how they mock at me !
They hiss at me like serpents ! Save me ! Save
me !

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores ?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pil-
low for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and
voices.*)

Voice. Muera !

Another Voice. O villains ! villains !

Lara. So ! have at you !

Voice. Take that !

Lara. O, I am wounded !

Dol. (*shutting the window*). Jesu Maria !

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

 Ah, Love !
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !
 Enemy
 Of all that mankind may not rue !
 Most untrue
 To him who keeps most faith with thee.
 Woe is me !
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
 Ah, Love !
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Victorian.

ES, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Ar-
 cadian ;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian
 pastures,
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*)

Thy deceits
 Give us clearly to comprehend,
 Whither tend
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !
 They are cheats,
 Thorns below and flowers above.
 Ah, Love !
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for
 it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it ?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and in earnest
 Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of
drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trum-
pet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever
To the upbraiding of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no
more!

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Olivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

Hyp.

And yet at last

Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die !
To go through life, unloving and unloved ;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks ;
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone !
Would I were with them !

Hyp. We shall all be soon.
Vict. It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as
strangers ;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness. that smiles and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us

A mockery and a jest ; maddened,—confused,—
Not knowing friend from foe.

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !

Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,

That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless !

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there
shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

*Vict. Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry !
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,*

And bids the labouring hind a-field, the shepherd,
 Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
 And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
 And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin !

Hyp. Amen ! amen ! Not half a league from
 hence

The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
 Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail
 Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
 And, like an idle mariner on the main,
 Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy
 thieves !

Make room for the Alcalde and for me !

Pedro C. Keep silence all ! I have an edict here

From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen !

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura,

Good day ! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you !

Pray, what is it ?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies !

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence !

Pedro C. (reads.) " I hereby order and command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars ; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each ;

The second time, shall have their ears cut off ;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes
them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."

Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized !

You hear the law ! Obey and disappear !

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not
gone,

Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(*The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs
of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.*)

Padre C. A righteous law ! A very righteous
law !

Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(*They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE
CURA's door. Sound of guitars heard at a
distance, approaching during the dialogue
which follows.*)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all
things,—

How came these Gypsies into Spain ?

Padre C. Why look you ;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial
reasons all !

No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO *playing*.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants ! By Saint Lazarus,
more vagrants !

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen ! Is this
Guadarrama ?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening
to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village ;

And, judging from your dress and reverend
mien,

You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's
your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in
vacation.

You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hatband.*)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have
worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass!
The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your
servant. [Exit.

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something,—
You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;—
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,

“ That is the Padre Cura : mark my words ! ”
 Meaning your Grace. “ The other man,” said I,
 “ Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
 Must be the sacristan.”

Padre C. Ah ! said you so ?
 Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde !

Hyp. Indeed ! you much astonish me ! His
 air

Was not so full of dignity and grace
 As an alcalde’s should be.

Padre C. That is true.
 He’s out of humour with some vagrant Gypsies,
 Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.
 There’s nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our bold-
 ness,
 If, from his well-known hospitality,
 We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you !
 You do me honour ! I am but too happy
 To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
 It is not often that I have occasion
 To speak with scholars ; and *Emollit mores*,
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace [is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A room in the PADRE CURA's house.*

Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honoured name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honour's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,

Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you ! O some lucky star
Has brought me hither ! Yet once more !—once
more !

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas !
It was not so in Santillana's time !"

Padre C. I did not think my name remem-
bered there.

Hyp. More than remembered ; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you ?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose
beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten ?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were
pleasant days,
Those college days ! I ne'er shall see the like !
I had not buried then so many hopes !
I had not buried then so many friends !
I've turned my back on what was then before
me ;
And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva?

Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before
your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget ; you must be hungry.

Martina ! ho ! Martina ! 'Tis my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*Aside.*)

He was a very great man, was Cicero !

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay : I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[*Exit.*]

Hyp.

Hist ! Martina !

One word with you. Bless me ! what handsome
eyes !

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village,
Is it not so ?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune.

Mart. (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune ?

Hyp. Yes, yes ; I know they did. Give me
your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they
said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not ?

Mart. (*surprised*). How know you that ?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.
What a soft little hand ! And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not ?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTOR-
IAN, with a letter.*)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp.

So soon?

Vict.

I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
 And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
 His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red
 wine.

Hyp. What news from Court?*Vict.*

He brought this letter only.

(Reads.)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
 That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
 Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek
 turn pale,

And thy hand tremble?

Vict.

O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.*Vict.*

He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
 The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
 He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
 A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
 She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
 Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of ; and, once more a beggar,
 She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
 Housing with Gypsies !

Hyp. To renew again
 The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
 Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo !

Vict. Dear Hypolito.
 How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart !
 I will go seek for her ; and with my tears
 Wash out the wrong I've done her !

Hyp. O beware !
 Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly,
 Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
 I will confess my weakness,—I still love her !
 Still fondly love her !

(Enter the PADRE CURA.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,
 Who are these Gypsies in the neighbourhood ?

Padre C. Beltram Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven,
 I thank thee ! She is found ! is found again !

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,

Called Preciosa ?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.

The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way.
The supper waits. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

Chispa. Halloo ! Don Fulano ! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa ! what a dog's life dost thou lead ! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman ; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars ? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter DON CARLOS.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq. Oh ! oh ! you hurt me !

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to MOSQUITO.) It is almost dark ; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late ?

Mosq. Yes ; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

Don C. And where ?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [Exit.

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye ? Have you a stag's horn with you ?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires ?

Don C. No ; among the Gypsies, blockhead !

Chispa. I hope we may ; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't

you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Gypsy camp in the forest.*
Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
 With a crown of red gold in my hand,
 Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
 O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee ?
 O how from their fury shall I flee ?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
 And thus his ditty ran ;
 God send the Gypsy lassie here,
 And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco !

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelm.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastil-
leros ; leave work, leave play ; listen to your
orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*)
You will get you to the village, mark you, by
the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay !

Cruz (to the left). And you, by the pole with
the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay !

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are
out, in with you, and be busy with the ten com-
mandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin
asleep. D'ye hear ?

Gypsies. Ay !

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you
see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers.
Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I
comprehended ?

Gypsies. Ay ! ay !

Cruz. Away, then !

(*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge ! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness ! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me !
How still it is about me, and how lonely !

(*BARTOLOME rushes in.*)

Bart. Ho ! Preciosa !

Prec. O Bartolomé !

Thou here ?

Bart. Lo ! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou ?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild
Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever ! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold

Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec.

O touch me not !

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands !

The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul !

Do not come near me ! Pray, begone from here !

Thou art in danger ! They have set a price

Upon thy head !

Bart.

Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains ; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swine-
herd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole com-
panions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here ! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee ? I betray thee ?

Bart.

Preciosa !

I come for thee ! for thee I thus brave death !

Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm !

Fly with me !

Prec. Speak of that no more. I
cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

Bart.

O, recall the time

When we were children ! how we played together,
How we grew up together ; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood !
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf !
Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'Twas my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand !

Bart. False tongue of woman !
And heart more false !

Prec. Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee ;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldest thou with
me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from
thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love ; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,

That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.
Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in
peace.

Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark ! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come !

Prec. Away ! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come ?

Prec. Never !

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe,
upon thee !

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.

[*Exit.*]

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour !
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me !
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me !
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me !
Yet why should I fear death ? What is it to die ?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkind-
ness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest for ever ! O dull heart,
 Be of good cheer ! When thou shalt cease to
 beat,
 Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain !

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'Tis she ! Behold, how beautiful she
 stands

Under the tent-like trees !

Hyp. A woodland nymph !

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist ! Gypsy !

Prec. (aside, with emotion). That voice ! that
 voice from heaven ! O speak again !

Who is it calls ?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (aside). 'Tis he ! 'Tis he !

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my
 prayer,

And sent me this protector ! Now be strong,
 Be strong, my heart ! I must dissemble here.
 False friend or true ?

Vict. A true friend to the true ;

Fear not ; come hither. So ; can you tell fortunes ?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (*putting a piece of gold into her hand.*)
There is the cross.

Prec. Is't silver.

Vict. No, 'tis gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie ! the old story !

Tell me a better fortune for my money ;

Not this old woman's tale !

Prec. You are passionate ;
And this same passionate humour in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes ; I see it now ;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame ! shame ! O you have wronged the maid
who loved you !

How could you do it ?

Vict. I never loved a maid ;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that ?

Vict. A little bird in the air

Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold !
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !
There is no blessing in its charity !
Make her your wife, for you have been abused ;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the
tongue of woman,
When pleading in another's cause her own !
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

Prec. No ; never from my hand
Shall that be taken !

Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring ?

Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never ! never !
I will not part with it, even when I die ;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,

That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (*aside*). Be still, my swelling heart!
one moment, still!

Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood! .

Vict. I not dare?

Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

Prec. 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my
heart's elected!

My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou
leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come—

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me !

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet ! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,

Thou being absent ? Oh, believe it not !

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee !

Dost thou forgive me ? Say, wilt thou forgive me ?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on,
speak on !

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy ;

For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the
student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa !

Pres. Señor Hypolito ! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune ?

Hyp. Not to-night ;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christ-
mas.

Chispa (within). What ho ! the Gypsies, ho !
Beltran Cruzado !
Halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! halloo !

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

Vict.

What now?

Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,

My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?*Chispa* (to PRECIOSA). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father, But your true father has returned to Spain Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!*Chispa.* And we have all Been drinking at the tavern to your health, As wells drink in November, when it rains.*Vict.* Where is the gentleman?*Chispa.* As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia.

His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream, Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet! Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived! Say that I do not dream! I am awake; This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian, And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a dream !

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child ! a waking dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou
rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good ;
And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (*giving him her hand*). I have still
A hand to give.

Chispa (*aside*). And I have two to take.
I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven
gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to
crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find
almonds ?

Vict. What more of this strange story ?

Chispa. Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed ;
And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No ; let it be a day of general joy ;
 Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
 Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell,
 The student's wandering life ! Sweet serenades,
 Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
 And all that makes vacation beautiful !
 To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
 To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
 Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
 The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
 And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.—*A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
 Awake and open thy door,
 'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
 O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
 But come with thy naked feet,
 We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
 And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.*)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep. Olá!

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.*)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried !
Onward, cabillito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead !
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack !
Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo !
Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

(*Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot and armed.*)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun !
O glorious sight !

Prec. Most beautiful indeed ?

Hyp. Most wonderful !

Vict. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory !

Prec. And which way lies
Segovia ?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it ?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's
edge.

There, yonder !

Hyp. 'Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec. O yes ! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward
urged

Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Moun-
tains,

And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea.

(She weeps.)

Vict. O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !

But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee

Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy weary heart

Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted

And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer !

My father waits. Methinks I see him there,

Now looking from the window, and now watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,

And saying, "Hark ! she comes !" O father !

father !

(They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day ! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking ; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen ? Patience, and shuffle

the cards ! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains ; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite !

[*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.*)

Bart. They passed this way ! I hear their horses' hoofs !

Yonder I see them ! Come, sweet caramillo, This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last !

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha ! ha ! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo ! Well whistled !—I have missed her !—O my God !

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.*)



JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

1872.

ACT I.

The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

Antiochus.



ANTIOCH, my Antioch, my city !
Queen of the East ! my solace, my
delight !

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra
When she was wed to Ptolemy, and now
Won back and made more wonderful by me !
I love thee, and I long to be once more
Among the players and the dancing women
Within thy gates, and bathe in the Orontes,
Thy river and mine. O Jason, my High-Priest,
For I have made thee so, and thou art mine,

Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful?

Jason. Never, my lord.

Ant. Then hast thou never seen
The wonder of the world. This city of David
Compared with Antioch is but a village,
And its inhabitants compared with Greeks
Are mannerless boors.

Jason. They are barbarians,
And mannerless.

Ant. They must be civilized.
They must be made to have more gods than one ;
And goddesses besides.

Jason. They shall have more.
Ant. They must have hippodromes, and games,
and baths,

Stage-plays and festivals, and most of all
The Dionysia.

Jason. They shall have them all.

Ant. By Heracles ! but I should like to see
These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and arrayed
In skins of fawns, with drums and flutes and thyrsi,
Revel and riot through the solemn streets
Of their old towns. Ha, ha ! It makes me merry
Only to think of it !—Thou dost not laugh.

Jason. Yea, I laugh inwardly.

Ant. The new Greek leaven

Works slowly in this Israelitish dough !
Have I not sacked the Temple, and on the altar
Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus
To Hellenize it ?

Jason. Thou hast done all this.

Ant. As thou wast Joshua once and now art
 Jason,

And from a Hebrew hast become a Greek,
So shall this Hebrew nation be translated,
Their very natures and their names be changed,
And all be Hellenized.

Jason. It shall be done.

Ant. Their manners and their laws and ways
 of living
Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn their
 language,

And learn the lovely speech of Antioch.

Where hast thou been to-day ? Thou comest late.

Jason. Playing at discus with the other
 priests
In the Gymnasium.

Ant. Thou hast done well.
There's nothing better for you lazy priests
Than discus-playing with the common people.
Now tell me, Jason, what these Hebrews call me
When they converse together at their games.

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my lord ;
Antiochus the Illustrious.

Ant. O, not that ;
That is the public cry ; I mean the name
They give me when they talk among themselves,
And think that no one listens ; what is that ?

Jason. Antiochus Epimanes, my Lord !

Ant. Antiochus the Mad ! Ay, that is it.
And who hath said it ? Who has set in motion
That sorry jest ?

Jason. The Seven Sons insane
Of a weird woman, like themselves insane.

Ant. I like their courage, but it shall not save
them.

They shall be made to eat the flesh of swine,
Or they shall die. Where are they ?

Jason. In the dungeons
Beneath this tower.

Ant. There let them stay and starve,
Till I am ready to make Greeks of them,
After my fashion.

Jason. They shall stay and starve.—
My lord, the Ambassadors of Samaria
Await thy pleasure.

Ant. Why not my displeasure ?
Ambassadors are tedious. They are men,

Who work for their own ends, and not for mine ;
 There is no furtherance in them. Let them go
 To Apollonius, my governor
 There in Samaria, and not trouble me.
 What do they want ?

Jason. Only the royal sanction
 To give a name unto a nameless temple
 Upon Mount Gerizim.

Ant. Then bid them enter.
 This pleases me, and furthers my designs.
 The occasion is auspicious. Bid them enter.

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON ; *the SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.*

Ant. Approach. Come forward ; stand not at
 the door
 Wagging your long beards, but demean yourselves
 As doth become Ambassadors. What seek ye ?

An Ambassador. An audience from the King.

Ant. Speak, and be brief.
 Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.

Words are not things.

Ambassador (reading). “ To King Antiochus,
 The God, Epiphanes ; a Memorial
 From the Sidonians, who live at Sichem.”

Ant. Sidonians ?

Ambassador. Ay, my lord.

Ant. Go on, go on !

And do not tire thyself and me with bowing !

Ambassador (reading). "We are a colony of
Medes and Persians."

Ant. No, ye are Jews from one of the Ten
Tribes ;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans

Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me ;

Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews.

When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred with
them ;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and Persians :
I know that in the days of Alexander

Ye claimed exemption from the annual tribute

In the Sabbath Year, because, ye said,

Your fields had not been planted in that year.

Ambassador (reading). "Our fathers, upon
certain frequent plagues,

And following an ancient superstition,

Were long accustomed to observe that day

Which by the Israelites is called the Sabbath,

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim

Without a name, they offered sacrifice.

Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,

Who art our benefactor and our saviour,

Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,
 But to give royal order and injunction
 To Apollonius in Samaria,
 Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor,
 Thy procurator, no more to molest us ;
 And let our nameless temple now be named
 The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."

Ant. This shall be done. Full well it pleaseth
 me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews,
 But Greeks ; if not by birth, yet Greeks by
 custom.
 Your nameless temple shall receive the name
 Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go !

SCENE III.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

Ant. My task is easier than I dreamed.
 These people
 Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take note
 How these Samaritans of Sichem said
 They were not Jews ? that they were Medes and
 Persians,
 They were Sidonians, anything but Jews ?
 'Tis of good augury. The rest will follow
 Till the whole land is Hellenized.

Jason.

My Lord,

These are Samaritans. The tribe of Judah
Is of a different temper, and the task
Will be more difficult.

Ant.

Dost thou gainsay me?

Jason. I know the stubborn nature of the
Jew.

Yesterday, Eleazor, an old man,
Being fourscore years and ten, chose rather
death

By torture than to eat the flesh of swine.

Ant. The life is in the blood, and the whole
nation

Shall bleed to death, or it shall change its faith !

Jason. Hundreds have fled already to the
mountains

Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus
Hath raised the standard of revolt against thee.

Ant. I will burn down their city, and will
make it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thoroughfares
Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes.
It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is !
This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad
Shall have a broad and blood-red seal upon it,
Stamped with the awful letters of my name.

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes!—

Where are those Seven Sons?

Jason. My Lord, they wait
Thy royal pleasure.

Ant. They shall wait no longer!



ACT II.

*The Dungeons in the Citadel.*SCENE I.—THE MOTHER *of the Seven Sons alone, listening.**The Mother.*

BE strong, my heart !
Break not till they are dead,
All, all my Seven Sons ; then burst
asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented soul
Leap and rush out like water through the shards
Of earthen vessels broken at a well.

O my dear children, mine in life and death,
I know not how ye came into my womb ;
I neither gave you breath, nor gave you life,
And neither was it I that formed the members
Of every one of you. But the Creator,
Who made the world, and made the heavens
above us,

Who formed the generation of mankind,
And found out the beginning of all things,

He gave you breath and life, and will again
 Of his own mercy, as ye now regard
 Not your own selves, but his eternal law.
 I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God,
 That I and mine have not been deemed unworthy
 To suffer for thy sake, and for thy law,
 And for the many sins of Israel.

Hark ! I can hear within the sound of scourges !
 I feel them more than ye do, O my sons !
 But cannot come to you. I, who was wont
 To wake at night at the least cry ye made,
 To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt,—
 I cannot take you now into my lap
 And soothe your pain, but God will take you all
 Into his pitying arms, and comfort you,
 And give you rest.

A Voice (w:thin). What wouldest thou ask of
 us ?

Ready are we to die, but we will never
 Transgress the law and customs of our fathers.

The Mother. It is the voice of my first-born !
 O brave
 And noble boy ! Thou hast the privilege
 Of dying first, as thou wast born the first.

The same Voice (within). God looketh on us,
 and hath comfort in us ;

As Moses in his song of old declared,
He in his servants shall be comforted.

The Mother. I knew thou wouldest not fail!—

He speaks no more,
He is beyond all pain!

Ant. (within). If thou eat not
Thou shalt be tortured throughout all the members
Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat then?

Second Voice (within). No.

The Mother. It is Adaiah's voice. I tremble
for him.

I know his nature, devious as the wind,
And swift to change, gentle and yielding always.
Be steadfast, O my son!

The same Voice (within). Thou, like a fury,
Takest us from this present life, but God,
Who rules the world, shall raise us up again
Into life everlasting.

The Mother. God, I thank thee
That thou hast breathed into that timid heart
Courage to die for thee. O my Adaiah,
Witness of God! if thou for whom I feared
Canst thus encounter death, I need not fear;
The others will not shrink.

Third Voice (within). Behold these hands
Held out to thee, O King Antiochus,

Not to implore thy mercy, but to show
That I despise them. He who gave them to me
Will give them back again.

The Mother.

O Avilan

It is thy voice. For the last time I hear it ;
For the last time on earth, but not the last.
To death it bids defiance and to torture.
It sounds to me as from another world,
And makes the petty miseries of this
Seem unto me as nought, and less than nought.
Farewell, my Avilan ; nay, I should say
Welcome, my Avilan ; for I am dead
Before thee. I am waiting for the others.
Why do they linger ?

Fourth Voice (within). It is good, O King,
Being put to death by man, to look for hope
From God, to be raised up again by him.
But thou—no resurrection shalt thou have
To life hereafter.

The Mother. Four ! already four !
Three are still living ; nay, they all are living,
Half here, half there. Make haste, Antiochus,
To reunite us ; for the sword that cleaves
These miserable bodies makes a door
Through which our souls, impatient of release,
Rush to each other's arms.

Fifth Voice (within). Thou hast the power ;
 Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide a while,
 And thou shalt see the power of God, and how
 He will torment thee and thy seed.

The Mother. O hasten !

Why dost thou pause ? Thou who hast slain
 already

So many Hebrew women, and hast hung
 Their murdered infants round their necks, slay
 me,

For I too am a woman, and these boys
 Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,
 And hang my lifeless babes about my neck.

Sixth Voice (within). Think not, Antiochus,
 that takest in hand

To strive against the God of Israel,
 Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his wrath
 Shall overtake thee and thy bloody house.

The Mother. One more, my Sirion, and then
 all is ended.

Having put all to bed, then in my turn
 I will lie down and sleep as sound as they.
 My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved !
 And those bright golden locks, that I so oft
 Have curled about these fingers, even now
 Are foul with blood and dust, like a lamb's fleece

Slain in the shambles.—Not a sound I hear.
 This silence is more terrible to me
 Than any sound, than any cry of pain,
 That might escape the lips of one who dies.
 Doth his heart fail him? Doth he fall away
 In the last hour from God? O Sirion, Sirion,
 Art thou afraid? I do not hear thy voice.
 Die as thy brothers died. Thou must not live !

SCENE II.—THE MOTHER; ANTIOCHUS; SIRION.

The Mother. Are they all dead?

Ant. Of all thy Seven Sons
 One only lives. Behold them where they lie.
 How dost thou like this picture?

The Mother. God in heaven!
 Can a man do such deeds, and yet not die
 By the recoil of his own wickedness?
 Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies
 That were my children once, and still are mine,
 I cannot watch o'er you as Rispah watched
 In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,
 Till water drop upon you out of heaven
 And wash this blood away! I cannot mourn
 As she, the daughter of Aiah mourned the dead,
 From the beginning of the barley-harvest

Until the autumn rains, and suffered not
The birds of air to rest on them by day,
Nor the wild beasts by night. For ye have died
A better death, a death so full of life
That I ought rather to rejoice than mourn.—
Wherefore art thou not dead, O Sirion ?
Wherefore art thou the only living thing
Among thy brothers dead ? Art thou afraid ?

Ant. O woman, I have spared him for thy
sake,

For he is fair to look upon and comely ;
And I have sworn to him by all the gods
That I would crown his life with joy and honour :
Heap treasures on him, luxuries, delights,
Make him my friend and keeper of my secrets,
If he would turn from your Mosaic Law
And be as we are ; but he will not listen.

The Mother. My noble Sirion !

Ant. Therefore I beseech thee,
Who art his mother, thou wouldest speak with
him

And wouldest persuade him. I am sick of blood.

The Mother. Yea, I will speak with him and
will persuade him.

O Sirion, my son ! have pity on me,
On me that bare thee, and that gave thee suck,

And fed and nourished thee, and brought thee up
With the dear trouble of a mother's care
Unto this age. Look on the heavens above thee,
And on the earth and all that is therein ;
Consider that God made them out of things
That were not ; and that likewise in this manner
Mankind was made. Then fear not this tor-
mentor ;

But, being worthy of thy brethren, take
Thy death as they did, that I may receive thee
Again in mercy with them.

Ant. I am mocked,
Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

Sirion. Whom wait ye for ?
Never will I obey the King's commandment,
But the commandment of the ancient Law
That was by Moses given unto our fathers.
And thou, O godless man, that of all others
Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,
Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes, uplifting
Thy hand against the servants of the Lord,
For thou hast not escaped the righteous judgment
Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things !

Ant. He is no God of mine ; I fear him not.

Sirion. My brothers, who have suffered a
brief pain,

Are dead ; but thou, Antiochus, shalt suffer
The punishment of pride. I offer up
My body and my life, beseeching God
That he would speedily be merciful
Unto our nation, and that thou by plagues
Mysterious and by torments mayest confess
That he alone is God.

Ant. Ye both shall perish
By torments worse than any that your God,
Here or hereafter, hath in store for me.

The Mother. My Sirion, I am proud of thee !

Ant. Be silent !
Go to thy bed of torture in yon chamber,
Where lie so many sleepers, heartless mother !
Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor thy voice,
Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy troubled dreams,
Thy children crying for thee in the night !

The Mother. O Death, that stretchest thy
white hands to me,

I fear them not, but press them to my lips,
That are as white as thine ; for I am Death,
Nay, am the Mother of Death, seeing these sons
All lying lifeless.—Kiss me, Sirion.

ACT III.

The Battle-field of Beth-horon.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS *in armour before his tent.*

Judas.

HE trumpets sound ; the echoes of the mountains
 Answer them, as the Sabbath morning breaks
 Over Beth-horon and its battle-field,
 Where the great captain of the hosts of God,
 A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt,
 O'ercame the Amorites. There was no day
 Like that, before or after it, nor shall be.
 The sun stood still ; the hammers of the hail
 Beat on their harness ; and the captains set
 Their weary feet upon the necks of kings,
 As I will upon thine, Antiochus,
 Thou man of blood !—Behold the rising sun
 Strikes on the golden letters of my banner,

*Be Elohim Yehovah ! Who is like
To thee, 'O Lord, among the gods ?—Alas !
I am not Joshua, I cannot say,
"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou
Moon,
In Ajalon !” Nor am I one who wastes
The fateful time in useless lamentation ;
But one who bears his life upon his hand
To lose it or to save it, as may best
Serve the designs of Him who giveth life.*

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; JEWISH
FUGITIVES.

Judas. Who and what are ye, that with
furtive steps
Steal in among our tents ?

Fugitives. O Maccabæus,
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou art,
Jews of Jerusalem, that have escaped
From the polluted city, and from death.

Judas. None can escape from death. Say
that ye come
To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.
What tidings bring ye ?

Fugitives. Tidings of despair.

The Temple is laid waste ; the precious vessels,
Censers of gold, vials and veils and crowns,
And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures,
Have all been taken from it, and the Gentiles
With revelling and with riot fill its courts,
And dally with harlots in the holy places.

Judas. All this I knew before.

Fugitives. Upon the altar
Are things profane, things by the law forbidden ;
Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our Feasts,
But on the festivals of Dionysus
Must walk in their processions, bearing ivy
To crown a drunken god.

Judas. This too I know.
But tell me of the Jews. How fare the Jews ?

Fugitives. The coming of this mischief hath
been sore
And grievous to the people. All the land
Is full of lamentation and of mourning.
The Princes and the Elders weep and wail ;
The young men and the maidens are made feeble ;
The beauty of the women hath been changed.

Judas. And are there none to die for Israel ?
'Tis not enough to mourn. Breastplate and har-
ness

Are better things than sackcloth. Let the women Lament for Israel ; the men should die.

Fugitives. Both men and women die ; old men and young ;

Old Eleazer died : and Mähala With all her Seven Sons.

Judas. Antiochus,
At every step thou takest there is left
A bloody footprint in the street, by which
The avenging wrath of God will track thee out !
It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents :
Those of you who are men, put on such armour
As ye may find ; those of you who are women,
Buckle that armour on ; and for a watch-word
Whisper, or cry aloud, "The Help of God."

SCENE III.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; NICANOR.

Nicanor. Hail, Judas Maccabæus !

Judas. Hail !—Who art thou
That comest here in this mysterious guise
Into our camp unheralded ?

Nic. A herald
Sent from Nicanor.

Judas. Heralds come not thus.
Armed with thy shirt of mail from head to heel,

Thou glidest like a serpent silently
 Into my presence. Wherefore dost thou turn
 Thy face from me? A herald speaks his errand
 With forehead unabashed. Thou art a spy
 Sent by Nicanor.

Nic. No disguise avails!
 Behold my face! I am Nicanor's self.
Judas. Thou art indeed Nicanor. I salute
 thee.

What brings thee hither to this hostile camp
 Thus unattended?

Nic. Confidence in thee.
 Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy race,
 Without the failings that attend those virtues,
 Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous,
 Canst righteous be and not intolerant.
 Let there be peace between us.

Judas. What is peace?
 Is it to bow in silence to our victors?
 Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged,
 Our people slain, or sold as slaves, or fleeing
 At night-time by the blaze of burning towns;
 Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy Temple
 Polluted with strange gods? Are these things
 peace?

Nic. These are the dire necessities that wait

On war, whose loud and bloody enginery
 I seek to stay. Let there be peace between
 Antiochus and thee.

Judas. *Antiochus?*

What is Antiochus, that he should prate
 Of peace to me, who am a fugitive?
 To-day he shall be lifted up ; to-morrow
 Shall not be found, because he is returned
 Unto his dust ; his thought has come to nothing.
 There is no peace between us, nor can be,
 Until this banner floats upon the walls
 Of our Jerusalem.

Nic. *Between that city*
 And thee there lies a waving wall of tents,
 Held by a host of forty thousand foot,
 And horsemen seven thousand. What hast thou
 To bring against all these?

Judas. *The power of God,*
 Whose breath shall scatter your white tents
 abroad,
 As flakes of snow.

Nic. *Your Mighty One in heaven*
 Will not do battle on the Seventh Day ;
 It is his day of rest.

Judas. *Silence, blasphemer,*
 Go to thy tents.

Nic. Shall it be war or peace?

Judas. War, war, and only war. Go to thy tents

That shall be scattered, as by you were scattered
The torn and trampled pages of the Law,
Blown through the windy streets.

Nic. Farewell, brave foe!

Judas. Ho, there, my captains! Have safe
conduct given

Unto Nicanor's herald through the camp,
And come yourselves to me.—Farewell, Nicanor!

SCENE IV.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS; CAPTAINS
AND SOLDIERS.

Judas. The hour is come. Gather the host
together

For battle. Lo, with trumpets and with songs
The army of Nicanor comes against us.

Go forth to meet them, praying in your hearts,
And fighting with your hands.

Captains. Look forth and see!
The morning sun is shining on their shields
Of gold and brass; the mountains glisten with
them,
And shine like lamps. And we who are so few

And poorly armed, and ready to faint with fasting,
How shall we fight against this multitude?

Judas. The victory of a battle standeth not
In multitudes, but in the strength that cometh
From heaven above. The Lord forbid that I
Should do this thing, and flee away from them.
Nay, if our hour be come, then let us die;
Let us not stain our honour.

Captains. 'Tis the Sabbath.
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath, Maccabæus?

Judas. Ay; when I fight the battles of the Lord,
I fight them on his day, as on all others.
Have ye forgotten certain fugitives
That fled once to these hills, and hid themselves
In caves? How their pursuers camped against
them

Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged them?
And how they answered not, nor cast a stone,
Nor stopped the places where they lay concealed,
But meekly perished with their wives and chil-
dren.

Even to the number of a thousand souls?
We who are fighting for our laws and lives
Will not so perish.

Captains. Lead us to the battle !

Judas. And let our watchword be, “The Help of God ! ”

Last night I dreamed a dream ; and in my vision
 Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of old,
 Who holding up his hands prayed for the Jews.
 This done, in the like manner there appeared
 An old man, and exceeding glorious,
 With hoary hair, and of a wonderful
 And excellent majesty. And Onias said :
 “This is the lover of the Jews, who prayeth
 Much for the people and the Holy City,—
 God’s prophet Jeremias.” And the prophet
 Held forth his right hand and gave unto me
 A sword of gold ; and giving it he said :
 “Take thou this holy sword, a gift from God,
 And with it thou shalt wound thine adversaries.”

Captains. The Lord is with us !

Judas. Hark ! I hear the trumpets
 Sound from Beth-horon ; from the battle-field
 Of Joshua, where he smote the Amorites,
 Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of Jarmuth,
 Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem,
 As we to-day will smite Nicanor’s hosts
 And leave a memory of great deeds behind us.

Captains and Soldiers. The help of God !

Judas. *Be Elohim Yehovah !*

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the time
Of Esekias, King of Israel,
And in the armies of Sennacherib
Didst slay a hundred fourscore and five thousand.
Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now also send
Before us a good angel for a fear,
And through the might of thy right arm let those
Be stricken with terror that have come this day
Against thy holy people to blaspheme !



ACT IV.

The outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; CAPTAINS ;
JEW S.

Judas.

BEHOLD, our enemies are discomfited.
Jerusalem is fallen ; and our banners
Float from her battlements, and o'er her
gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of terror,
Blackens in wind and sun.

Captains. O Maccabæus,
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein
The Mother with her Seven Sons was murdered,
Is still defiant.

Judas. *Wait.*

Captains. Its hateful aspect
Insults us with the bitter memories
Of other days.

Judas. Wait; it shall disappear

And vanish as a cloud. First let us cleanse
The Sanctuary. See, it is become
Waste like a wilderness. Its golden gates
Wrenched from their hinges and consumed by
fire :

Shrubs growing in its courts as in a forest ;
Upon its altars hideous and strange idols ;
And strewn about its pavement at my feet
Its Sacred Books, half burned and painted o'er
With images of heathen gods.

Our beauty and our glory are laid waste !
The Gentiles have profaned our holy places !

(Lamentation and alarm of trumpets.)

Judas. The sound of trumpets, and this lamentation,

The heart-cry of a people toward the heavens,
Stir me to wrath and vengeance. Go, my cap-
tains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter down
The citadel of Antiochus, while here
We sweep away his altars and his gods.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; JASON ; JEWS.

Jews. Lurking among the ruins of the Temple,
Deep in its inner courts, we found this man,
Clad as High-Priest.

Judas. I ask not who thou art.
I know thy face, writ over with deceit
As are these tattered volumes of the Law
With heathen images. A priest of God
Wast thou in other days, but thou art now
A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou art Jason.

Jason. I am thy prisoner, Judas Maccabæus,
And it would ill become me to conceal
My name or office.

Judas. Over yonder gate
There hangs the head of one who was a Greek.
What should prevent me now, thou man of sin,
From hanging at its side the head of one
Who born a Jew hath made himself a Greek ?

Jason. Justice prevents thee.

Judas. Justice ? Thou art stained
With every crime 'gainst which the Decalogue
Thunders with all its thunder.

Jason. If not Justice,
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

Judas. When hast thou

At any time, to any man or woman,
Or even to any little child, shown mercy?

Jason. I have but done what King Antiochus
Commanded me.

Judas. True, thou hast been the weapon
With which he struck; but hast been such a
weapon,
So flexible, so fitted to his hand,
It tempted him to strike. So thou hast urged
him

To double wickedness, thine own and his.
Where is this King? Is he in Antioch
Among his women still, and from his windows
Throwing down gold by handfuls, for the rabble
To scramble for?

Jason. Nay, he is gone from there,
Gone with an army into the far East.

Judas. And wherefore gone?

Jason. I know not. For the space
Of forty days almost were horsemen seen
Running in air, in cloth of gold, and armed
With lances, like a band of soldiery;
It was a sign of triumph.

Judas. Or of death.

Wherefore art thou not with him?

Jason. I was left

For service in the Temple.

Judas. To pollute it,
And to corrupt the Jews ; for there are men
Whose presence is corruption ; to be with them
Degrades us and deforms the things we do.

Jason. I never made a boast, as some men do,
Of my superior virtue, nor denied
The weakness of my nature, that hath made me
Subservient to the will of other men.

Judas. Upon this day, the five-and-twentieth
day

Of the month Caslan, was the Temple here
Profaned by strangers,—by Antiochus
And thee, his instrument. Upon this day
Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who didst lend thy-
self

Unto this profanation, canst not be
A witness of these solemn services.

There can be nothing clean where thou art present.
The people put to death Callisthenes,
Who burned the Temple gates ; and if they find
thee

Will surely slay thee. I will spare thy life
To punish thee the longer. Thou shalt wander
Among strange nations. Thou, that hast cast out
So many from their native land, shalt perish

In a strange land. Thou, that hast left so many
Unburied, shalt have none to mourn for thee,
Nor any solemn funerals at all,
Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.—Get thee hence !

(*Music. Procession of Priests and people, with citherns, harps, and cymbals. JUDAS MACCABÆUS puts himself at their head, and they go into the inner courts.*)

SCENE III.—JASON, *alone.*

Jason. Through the Gate Beautiful I see
them come
With branches and green boughs and leaves of
palm,
And pass into the inner courts. Alas !
I should be with them, should be one of them,
But in an evil hour, an hour of weakness,
That cometh unto all, I fell away
From the old faith, and did not clutch the new,
Only an outward semblance of belief ;
For the new faith I cannot make mine own,
Not being born to it. It hath no root
Within me. I am neither Jew nor Greek,
But stand between them both, a renegade

To each in turn ; having no longer faith
In gods or men. Then what mysterious charm,
What fascination is it chains my feet,
And keeps me gazing like a curious child
Into the holy places, where the priests
Have raised their altar?—Striking stones to-
gether,
They take fire out of them, and light the lamps
In the great candlestick. They spread the veils,
And set the loaves of shewbread on the table.
The incense burns ; the well-remembered odour
Comes wafted unto me, and takes me back
To other days. I see myself among them
As I was then ; and the old superstition
Creeps over me again !—A childish fancy !—
And hark ! they sing with citherns and with
cymbals,
And all the people fall upon their faces,
Praying and worshipping !—I will away
Into the East, to meet Antiochus
Upon his homeward journey, crowned with
triumph.
Alas ! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice
That had the slightest tone of comfort in it !

ACT V.

The Mountains of Ecbatana.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS ; PHILIP ; ATTENDANTS.

Antiochus.

ERE let us rest a while. Where are we,
Philip ?

What place is this ?

Philip. Ecbatana, my lord ;
And yonder mountain range is the Orontes.

Ant. The Orontes is my river at Antioch.
Why did I leave it ? Why have I been tempted
By coverings of gold and shields and breastplates
To plunder Elymais, and be driven
From out its gates, as by a fiery blast
Out of a furnace ?

Philip. These are fortune's changes.

Ant. What a defeat it was ! The Persian
horsemen
Came like a mighty wind, the wind Khamaseen,
And melted us away, and scattered us

As if we were dead leaves, or desert sand.

Philip. Be comforted, my lord ; for thou hast lost

But what thou hadst not.

Ant. I, who made the Jews
Skip like the grasshoppers, am made myself
To skip among these stones.

Philip. Be not discouraged.
Thy realm of Syria remains to thee ;
That is not lost nor marred.

Ant. O, where are now
The splendours of my court, my baths and banquets ?

Where are my players and my dancing women ?
Where are my sweet musicians with their
pipes,

That made me merry in the olden time ?
I am a laughing-stock to man and brute.
The very camels, with their ugly faces,
Mock me and laugh at me.

Philip. Alas ! my lord,
It is not so. If thou wouldest sleep a while,
All would be well.

Ant. Sleep from mine eyes is gone,
And my heart faileth me for very care.
Dost thou remember, Philip, the old fable

Told us when we were boys, in which the bear
 Going for honey overturns the hive,
 And is stung blind by bees ? I am that beast,
 Stung by the Persian swarms of Elymais.

Philip. When thou art come again to Antioch
 These thoughts will be as covered and forgotten
 As are the tracks of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels
 In the Egyptian sands.

Ant. Ah ! when I come
 Again to Antioch ! When will that be ?
 Alas ! alas !

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS ; PHILIP ; A MESSEN-
 GER.

Messenger. May the King live for ever !

Ant. Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?

Messenger. My lord,
 I am a messenger from Antioch,
 Sent here by Lysias.

Ant. A strange foreboding
 Of something evil overshadows me.
 I am no reader of the Jewish Scriptures ;
 I know not Hebrew ; but my High-Priest Jason,
 As I remember, told me of a Prophet
 Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea

Like a man's hand, and soon the heaven was
black
With clouds and rain. Here, Philip, read ; I
cannot ;
I see that cloud. It makes the letters dim
Before mine eyes.

Philip (reading.) “To King Antiochus,
The God, Epiphanes.”

Ant. O mockery !
Even Lysias laughs at me !—Go on, go on !
Philip (reading). “We pray thee hasten
thy return. The realm
Is falling from thee. Since thou hast gone from
us

The victories of Judas Maccabæus
Form all our annals. First he overthrew
Thy forces at Beth-horon, and passed on,
And took Jerusalem, the Holy City.
And then Emmaus fell ; and then Bethsura ;
Ephron and all the towns of Galaad,
And Maccabæus marched to Carnion.”

Ant. Enough, enough ! Go call my chariot-
men ;
We will drive forward, forward, without ceasing,
Until we come to Antioch. My captains,
My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and Nicanor,

Are babes in battle, and this dreadful Jew
 Will rob me of my kingdom and my crown.
 My elephants shall trample him to dust ;
 I will wipe out his nation, and will make
 Jerusalem a common burying-place,
 And every home within its walls a tomb !

(Throws up his hands, and sinks into the arms of attendants, who lay him upon a bank.)

Philip. Antiochus ! Antiochus ! Alas,
 The King is ill ! What is it, O my lord ?

Ant. Nothing. A sudden and sharp spasm
 of pain,

As if the lightning struck me, or the knife
 Of an assassin smote me to the heart.

'Tis passed, even as it came. Let us set forward.

Philip. See that the chariots be in readiness ;
 We will depart forthwith.

Ant. A moment more.
 I cannot stand. I am become at once
 Weak as an infant. Ye will have to lead me.
 Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name
 Thou wouldst be named,—it is alike to me,—
 If I knew how to pray, I would entreat
 To live a little longer.

Philip. O my lord,
Thou shalt not die ; we will not let thee die !

Ant. How canst thou help it, Philip ? O the
pain !

Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield against
This unseen weapon. God of Israel,
Since all the other gods abandon me,
Help me, I will release the Holy City,
Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy Temple.
Thy people, whom I judged to be unworthy
To be so much as buried, shall be equal
Unto the citizens of Antioch.
I will become a Jew, and will declare
Through all the world that is inhabited
The power of God !

Philip. He faints. It is like death.
Bring here the royal litter. We will bear him
Into the camp, while yet he lives.

Ant. O Philip,
Into what tribulation am I come !
Alas ! I now remember all the evil
I have done the Jews ; and for this cause
These troubles are upon me, and behold
I perish through great grief in a strange land.

Philip. Antiochus ! my King !

Ant. Nay, King no longer.

Take thou my royal robes, my signet-ring,
My crown and sceptre, and deliver them
Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator ;
And unto the good Jews, my citizens,
In all my towns, say that their dying monarch
Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and health.
I who, puffed up with pride and arrogance,
Thought all the kingdoms of the earth mine own,
If I would but outstretch my hand and take
them,
Meet face to face a greater potentate,
King Death—Epiphanes—the Illustrious ! [*Dies.*]



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